

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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NO. 7.

WHEELBARROW TRAVELING IN CHINA.

THE Chinese usually travel by water, but when this is impossible, sedan-chairs and wheelbarrows are made use of. We give a picture of the kind of wheelbarrow used in the northern provinces. It is only occasionally, however, that a horse or mule, or a donkey, is in front, pulling; this work is generally done by a man. Dr. Williamson, in his book, "Journeys in North China," refers as follows to these strange traveling conveyances:

manage them is very great; indeed we have never before witnessed human beings under such heavy labor.

But Dr. Williamson being, with his books and other things, unable to get to his journey's end without making use of these wonderful sailing wheelbarrows, he hired three of them, and he says:

"We found them very tiresome; for though one man dragged in front and another pushed behind, we only went at the rate



"We met many of their extraordinary wheelbarrows, moving along on dry ground, with a sail set, each barrow having a great wheel in the centre finely balanced. Those we saw were laden heavily, and had a large sheet of cloth set on a framework in front; many of these were so rigged as to be capable of being raised or reefed at pleasure, the ropes or braces being attached to a hook close to the driver. We have never seen these wheelbarrows without pity; the strain to the men who

of one and a half miles an hour. As we got to the level country, we were fortunate enough to have a breeze right on our backs, which accelerated our pace to about two and a half miles an hour."

In the province in which Shanghai is situated, a smaller, and somewhat better kind of wheelbarrow is used; and an American lady writing concerning the way in which the Chinese school girls take the air, states that they sometimes walk, and

sometimes ride on the native wheelbarrows. She went to one of the out-stations on one of these funny Chinese conveyances.

The young emperor of China has recently given his consent to the construction of a railroad; and the days of traveling by sedan-chairs and wheelbarrows will, no doubt, soon be numbered; for if our railways are introduced, so will be, also, our turnpikes, and our horseback, carriage and stage riding.

A Boy's Voyage Around the World.

BY G. M. O.

PANAMA.

WE lay two days at anchor, when we again ran over to Taboga. Her Majesty's steamship *Drifter* ran in the same day; our captain sold the coal we had on board to this vessel, and we hauled along side of her and discharged it. For the coal the captain was paid forty dollars a ton.

I remained on the *Margaret* one month after arriving at Panama. The vessel was so leaky and needed so much repairing, that our captain resolved to beach her. The men, not wishing to remain on board to do this hard labor, at the wages we were then getting, and, the voyage for which we had shipped—to go to the China Islands—being abandoned, and the articles of agreement consequently broken, we asked for our discharge. After considerable wrangling with the captain, he paid us off. Hank and I found ourselves once more free. For some time before leaving the brig, we had been talking and planning and thinking of returning to our homes. This looked very feasible; we could accomplish it by crossing the isthmus to Chagres, and shipping on some homeward-bound craft. We resolved to carry out our design. As none of us had had the pleasure of seeing much of Panama, only from the vessel, all hands clubbed together and hired a sail boat to take us over to the city in the evening. We stowed our "dunnage" on board, and about ten o'clock at night got underway. We had a fair wind and a bright moon to guide us. The broad bay glittered with silvery brightness, and the old hulks and vessels looming up darkly and mysteriously against the silent shore, looked like sea monsters basking in the moonlight.

At three o'clock we landed at the market gate. The wall around the gateway was a mass of ruin; so we had no trouble to enter the city. Everything was dark and silent. We had no place to go to—knew of no place. In front of us was a large building with a portico; this seemed the most inviting place, and we took possession, spread our blankets and ourselves under its protecting canopy and soon fell asleep. I believe a sailor can sleep anyhow and under any circumstances. About seven o'clock we awoke and found some forty or fifty mules with their drivers in the street, making a perfect Babel with their braying and shouting. Men were carrying out little boxes of silver to the mule drivers, who lashed them to the animals' backs, two to a beast. We now found out that we had been sleeping on the steps of the custom house. The boys started out in different directions to find a lodging house, leaving me to look after our clothes bags. During their absence I amused myself watching the mule drivers, and admiring the picturesque old gateway, half Moorish and half Spanish in design, and fast crumbling into ruin. I tried to picture the old *Conquistadors* marching out through the narrow archway to conquer and to plunder the southern coast, and their return laden with

that plunder dripping with blood! How the old Spanish dons once thronged through its portals, now almost deserted! Who could estimate the wealth of gold and silver from Peru, and the value of the spices from the Philippines that has passed under its arch long ago? The deep worn flag-stones resound no more to the tread of busy feet. The statueless niche has crumbled out of shape, and rank grass and creeping vines sprout and dangle over the battered and neglected cornice. The gold fields are northward now, and the rich freight comes in and goes out at other gates.

Hank and Old Bill returned in half an hour and reported a house or rather a room to be had not a quarter of a mile from the gate. We started for our hotel but it did not prove as commodious as I expected. The house contained three rooms; one, a small one, up stairs, was at our disposal at the rate of ten cents each per night, we finding our own bedding of course, and paying in advance. The place was kept by an Irish family. They had bought through tickets to California in New York; but on arriving in Panama discovered that they had been swindled. Being without means they rented the house, the woman taking in washing for a living, and renting the upper room to lodgers, who found shelter if not comfort, and knew his property was safe during his absence in the daytime.

After breakfast we started for a stroll, to see the picturesque ruins and "departed greatness" of this genuine old Spanish city of the past. Not a hundred yards from the wash woman's the first object of interest in the shape, or rather shapeless mass of ruin that attracted our attention was the old monastery of San Francisco, at one time the largest religious establishment in Panama. It was roofless, and tall palms grew in chancel and nave where once the devout monk chanted his mass, and counted his beads. The massive walls of dark brown stone were covered with lichens of varied tint, and vines and creepers hung and dangled like many colored festoons from windows and cornice. The southern wall faced to the sea, plainly indicating that its old inhabitants were alive to the comforts of the refreshing breeze from that quarter. I passed this ruin many times afterwards, day and night, and it always created a feeling of melancholy and loneliness when I gazed at its crumbling and forsaken walls. And yet I would not wish it otherwise; it impressed me more deeply and looked more beautiful in its decay to me than if it had been teeming with life and fresh from the builders' hands.

Keeping to the right from the monastery, we entered the Plaza, or square, on one side occupied by the cathedral, a large stone and stucco building, some one hundred and fifty feet wide and two hundred feet long. It has a large decorated facade, with niches in which are figures of Christ and the Apostles. These effigies, I believe, are bronze, but they were so moss-covered and stained and battered and mutilated, that they presented a very sorry sight indeed. The building has two tall square towers, with spires incrusting with the shells of the pearl oyster, which causes them to glitter in the sunshine like burnished silver. The interior has four rows of columns of a composite order, reunited by arches overhead. The floor is paved with brick. A latticed enclosure of mahogany forms the choir. There are several shrines ornamented with silver and artificial flowers, and altars at the end of each aisle profusely decorated with silver chandeliers, images of wax and other paraphernalia. A worn and defaced inscription over the entrance informs us that *Doctor Francisco Xavier Y Luna Victoria*, bishop of Panama, was the founder, about the year 1750. This worthy bishop, by the way, was a negro; and history speaks of him as a "doer of much good." On the south

side of the plaza stands the *Cabildo*, or government offices. They are plain two story buildings of stone, the lower story occupied principally as stores. Near the plaza is the *Portiga de los Monjas* (Gate of the Nuns). This gateway leads out to the sea and the long coral reef where I so nearly lost the boat. Near the gate to the left, is the convent of *Los Condebinas*, or *Los Mongas*—the nunnery; and church and convent of San Domingo, built in 1678, destroyed by fire in 1761. This building is about fifty by one hundred feet, and the walls are four feet thick. It has some beautiful, high, arched windows, vine clad and moss covered, and fast crumbling away. This building was erected by contributions raised in Spain by Queen Isabella, I believe; and it is said that when casting the bells, rich and poor, noble and peasant, cast into the metal gold and silver coin and jewels of immense value. We saw these same bells, cracked and corroded, lying in the weeds and grass, among the ruins of a partially fallen tower.

North east of the square stands the massive ruin of the Jesuits' college. This building was commenced in the year 1738, and, I understand, was never finished. It was a ruin like the rest, festooned with tropical plants. Enough of it remains to strike the beholder with admiration at the excellent and elaborate workmanship and beauty of design; at the same time indicating the immense wealth at one time in the city coffers. The church of St. Felipe is interesting and beautiful, in spite of its ruined condition. In fact, all of the many ruined churches, convents and monasteries are interesting and have a history of their own.

The streets are cobble paved, and are about twelve feet wide; the sidewalks are a little over two feet. The houses are mostly adobie and stone, stucco covered, into which is set rows of the pearl shell. The roofs are red tiles. The buildings all have a moresque look, and have a venerable and shattered appearance. The walls surrounding the city are from twenty to forty feet high. It is said the Spanish council, who audited the drafts of the old builders, alarmed at the cost, demanded to know "whether they were being built of silver or of gold." The cost of the walls and the deep moat separating the city from the main land was over six millions of dollars. The city is located on a rocky peninsula, running out from the foot of a volcanic mountain, called Ancon.

My feelings and sensations, created when rambling over this half-ruined city, musing over its departed greatness and wealth, enchanted with the picturesque buildings, crumbling to decay and ruin, under the heat of the sun and salt sea air, beautiful in their desolation, were peculiar. Oh, what tales they could tell had they tongues! What a history written on those toppling stones, broken archways, prostrate columns, shattered cornices, statueless niches, rotten altars, bat-haunted corridors and mouldy vaults—all repeating, over and over, Panama's history: Blood and gold! Blood and gold!

TO BE CONTINUED.

KEEPING FAITH.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was one day taking a long country walk, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner, and said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it. As she said this, a sudden gleam of hope seemed to cheer her. She innocently looked up into Sir William's face and said: "But you can mend it, can't you?" He explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could overcome by the gift of a sixpence to buy another.

However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he promised to meet his little friend on the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring sixpence with him; bidding her meanwhile tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for a bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening to meet some one he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and still being in time for the dinner party in Bath, but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a "previous engagement," saying, "I can not disappoint her; she trusted me."



A CLEVER DUCK.

A YOUNG lady was sitting in a room adjoining a poultry-yard, where chickens, ducks, and geese were sporting themselves. A drake came in, approached the lady, seized the bottom of her dress with his beak, and pulled it vigorously. At first she took no notice. The bird still persisted. Somewhat astonished, she got up; he waddled out quickly before her. More and more surprised, she followed him, and he conducted her to the side of a pond, where she perceived a duck with its head caught in the opening of a sluice. She hastened to release the poor creature, and restored it to the drake, that, by loud quackings and repeated beating of his wings, testified his joy.

ROGER SHERMAN.

IT is said that "Love laughs at locksmiths." So true genius laughs at impediments, and in proportion to the severity of its struggles, gathers strength for conquest. The life of Roger Sherman, at one time a humble shoemaker, illustrates this fact. He was born at Newton, Massachusetts, April 19th, 1721. Of his childhood and early education we know but little. He received no other education than the ordinary country schools in Massachusetts at that time afforded, which was meagre and poor enough, indeed. He was neither assisted by public education nor by private tuition. All that he acquired were the results of his own vigorous efforts; he was indebted alone to his ardent thirst for knowledge and his indefatigable industry, and by these he attained an acquaintance with general science, logic, geography, mathematics, history, philosophy, geology, and especially law and politics.

He was apprenticed at an early age to a shoemaker, and pursued that occupation until he was over twenty-two years of age, when in obedience to the necessities of his mother, he took charge of a small farm that her husband had left. While employed in his shoe-craft, not a moment's time was wasted; he was accustomed to sit at his work with a book before him, devoting to study every moment that his eyes could be spared from the occupation in which he was engaged. He thus acquired his knowledge of mathematics, and before he was twenty-one he made astronomical calculations for an almanac published in New York.

In 1744 the little farm was sold, and the family, consisting of his mother and numerous brothers and sisters, went to reside in New Milford, Connecticut, where Roger's eldest brother had moved and settled. The journey was performed by Roger on foot, and he carried his "kit" of shoemaker's tools on his back. At this place he worked industriously at his trade, at the same time neglecting no opportunity to increase his store of knowledge. He learned rapidly, for his mind was quick, comprehensive and logical. After a while he became a partner in mercantile business, and applied himself in his leisure to the study of the law. He soon became proficient, and was admitted to the bar in 1754. His talents soon attracted public attention, and we soon find him in the General Assembly of Connecticut. In the same year he was appointed Justice of the Peace, and after a practice of five years, was appointed Judge of the Court for Litchfield county.

But now the Revolution was drawing near, and Mr. Sherman became one of the leading patriots in the State of Connecticut. He fearlessly took part with the people in their opposition to the Stamp Act, and, in 1774, was one of the delegates to the General Congress of the colonies. He was present at the opening of the first Congress. In his new post of duty he acquired distinguished reputation, and was one of the committee appointed to prepare that immortal instrument, the Declaration of Independence. And during the war he rendered important public services; John Adams says of him, that he was "one of the soundest pillars of the Revolution." He represented Connecticut in the convention that framed the Constitution; was the first delegate from that State in the federal Congress after the organization of our present government, and he held a seat in the Senate of the United States at the time of his death, which occurred on the 23rd of July, 1793, in the seventy-third year of his age.

The most important practical lesson which we derive from the life of Mr. Sherman is the value of habits of meditation. He was distinguished for unflinching integrity, for accurate knowledge; he was capable of deep and long investigation; and

he added to all his other merits the pre-eminent one of being devoutly a religious man. The testimonials of his worth have been singularly marked and unanimous. Fisher Ames was accustomed to express his opinion by saying, that if he happened to be out of his seat (in Congress) when a subject was discussed, and came in when the question was about to be taken, he always felt safe in voting as Mr. Sherman did, for he always voted right. Dr. Dwight, while instructing the senior class at Yale College, observed, that Mr. Sherman was remarkable for not speaking in debate without suggesting something new and important. Washington uniformly treated Mr. Sherman with great respect and attention. Mr. Macon, a distinguished senator of the United States, once remarked to the Hon. William Reed, of Marblehead, that "Roger Sherman had more common sense than any man he ever knew." The late Rev. Dr. Spring, of Newburyport, was returning from the South, while Congress was in session at Philadelphia. Mr. Jefferson accompanied him to the hall, and designated several distinguished members of that body. In the course of this polite attention, he pointed in a certain direction, and exclaimed, "That is Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, a man who never said a foolish thing in his life."

Mr. Sherman was sometimes accused, but without justice, of being vain of the obscurity of his origin. From the distinguished eminence which he reached, he probably contemplated with satisfaction, that force of mind and that industry which enabled him to overcome all the obstacles that beset his path. For the gratification arising from such a contemplation, no one will be disposed to censure him.—*Famous Boys.*

STORY OF A SEED.

ONCE upon a time, away down in Georgia, a man planted a little seed.

The sun shone warm on it, and the rain came and softened it, and it soon began to sprout. Day and night it grew, till it was as high as a man's head. Buds formed all over it, and one night they burst into full bloom. Beautiful cream-colored flowers they were, something like a morning-glory.

By noon the sun was too warm. The beautiful blossoms shut their leaves and hung their heads, and before night each cream-colored flower dropped off. Where each one had been there was now a little gem.

This little gem grew and grew, until it was as big as an egg, when it burst open and threw out a long, beautiful fluff of cotton seven inches long.

It was a cotton seed, of course.

Then a man—a negro—came and tore the cotton from its ball, put it into a basket with a lot more, and carried it to a room where there were hundreds of pounds of cotton. In the room was a busy machine, and in the machine the cotton was thrown.

This cotton, you must know, is full of seeds. Very troublesome little fellows they are too, for they have no idea of leaving their comfortable home, and it's very hard to get them out.

I'll tell you how the machine does it. As the cotton goes in it comes to a roller covered with wire teeth. These teeth seize the cotton and draw it through a kind of grating, so fine that the seeds can't get through, and they just stay on the outside.

As the roller goes around it comes to a brush roller, which brushes off the cotton as nicely as any brush can do it. Then the cotton is packed in a bale, and sent to the cotton mills.

Now the cotton that comes from the little seed away off in

Georgia is by this time very dirty, and what do you suppose comes next? A bath? No; what's good for boys isn't good for cotton. It gets—a beating. It is laid on a sort of network, and beaten with a bundle of twigs. The dirt falls through the network, and then the cotton is called "batting."

But the cotton from the seed I'm telling about don't remain batting. It is very fine and nice, and it goes into the carding-machine. This lays all the threads one way, by drawing it through sets of wire teeth.

It comes out on a roller, and is taken off by still another roller, on which it looks like a white fleecy ribbon. But it don't keep that pretty look very long. It is drawn through a tunnel, which makes it small and much firmer. It isn't fine enough yet, however, and it goes between another set of rollers. I wonder if there's anything that can't be done with rollers.

When it comes out pressed quite firm it is called roving, and is ready to be spun.

You'll hardly believe me, but the spinning is done on a mule!

It is a very peculiar mule, I must admit, made of wood and iron, and carrying twenty-two hundred spindles. So it spins twenty-two hundred threads at once, and is a wonderful machine, if it has a funny name.

It spins the loose roving into a much finer thread, slightly twisted. This thread next turns through a gas flame to burn off the fuzz, then over a brush to take off the ashes, and then through a hole in the brass plate just the size of the thread.

Then it is wound in skeins and put up in five or ten pound bundles.

After all these travels the thread has a little rest before it starts through the last machine—the one that makes the soft cotton into the solid, strong thread we buy on spools to sew with.

The skeins are wound on bobbins and put on the machine. Six of the fine threads start together.

Look on a spool and you'll read: "Best six cord cotton." That means, as I said, that six of these threads are united to make one sewing thread.

But I must tell you how they go. First over a glass rod, and through a little trough of water; and then between rollers to press them tightly together. Leaving the rollers, they go down, twisting as they go, to where a spool is fastened. There it is regularly wound on, a firm, smooth thread, while the spool moves slowly up and down as it winds, so as to make regular layers of it.

Now the fruit of the little cotton seed has become a beautiful spool of thread, ready for a useful life. Before it goes out into the world it is ornamented at each end with a round paper gummed and stuck on by some child. The last paper is put over the end of the thread to keep it from getting loose, and then it is put into packages of a dozen spools.

You've seen fine thread, perhaps as fine as No. 200, which we use on sewing-machines, but what would you say to thread No. 600, only one-third the size of that? And how would you like to see the cobweb thread that is actually woven into lace?

At the great exhibition in London such fine lace was shown. And, almost as wonderful, a piece of muslin woven of thread No. 460. It was so delicate that when laid on the grass and wet it could not be seen.

You know how large a spool of batting is. Well, it can be stretched out so as to be more than a thousand miles long. This is thread No. 2,100.

It seems too wonderful to be true, but many fictions invented by poets and story writers are not half so wonderful as many common things that every day pass under our observation.—

[Selected.]

Correspondence.

SALT LAKE CITY,
March 26, 1874.

Editor *Juvenile Instructor*.

DEAR BROTHER:—We take twenty copies of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in our school, subscribed for out of the Sunday School fund, and find them very beneficial. In the smaller classes we dispense with alphabet cards, and first and second readers altogether, placing a copy of the INSTRUCTOR in the hands of each Teacher. They teach the juveniles the short catechism for "little learners," and talk to them on the subject matter that each question suggests. We also find the other catechisms on the Bible and Book of Mormon very useful, which the higher classes learn very readily.

At the end of the year we purpose giving most of the copies of the INSTRUCTOR subscribed for by the school, to the children in bound volumes as rewards for those who excel.

Apart from all the other valuable reading matter contained in your paper, it deserves a prominence in every Sunday School throughout the Territory, as a means of imparting instruction through the Questions and Answers alone.

In addition to the above consideration, I deem it a duty I owe to the enterprise of catering for the interest and benefit of our rising generation to sustain the INSTRUCTOR, and take much pleasure in earnestly recommending a more general introduction of it in all our Sunday Schools and in every family. Hoping its increased circulation may meet your most sanguine expectations,

I remain your well-wisher,

GEO. GODDARD.

Supt. 13th Ward Sunday School.

PRESERVATION.

BY E. HANHAM.

O God! in peril's trying hour,
Reveal thine arm in mighty pow'r,
And bid the foe "be still."
Protect us in our rights, O Lord!
This boon we ask with one accord,
On Zion's holy hill.

Behold the wicked. Hear their boast
To organize a subtle host,
To lay thy children low.
From thy high dwelling place look down;
Scatter their forces by thy frown;
Their Babel-work o'erthrow.

Let not the vile thy courts defile;
Nor let the proud thy Saints beguile.
Thine eye is over all.
Infidels taking glory in
Their efforts to make Zion sin—
Lord, doom them all to fall.

In mercy look upon thine own,
Thy great behests to them make known;
Shield from all harm the just.
For this we hope, and watch, and pray;
In faith we seek Thee day by day.
Save us! in Thee we trust!

Gathered to Israel's stronghold,
Preserve us in thy mantle's fold;
Our fortitude increase.
Help us thy kingdom to maintain,
That Christ may come on earth to reign
In righteousness and peace.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1874.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



FROM the way in which some folks talk about wisdom and knowledge, a person might suppose that these words both expressed the same idea, but a little reflection will convince us that this is not the case; and our experience in the world will prove to us that a wise man is not always a learned man, nor a learned man wise, any more than an honest man is always generous or a brave man polite.

Who then are the truly wise? The psalmist David declares with great truth and beauty "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have they who do His commandments; His praise endureth forever."

The poor, untutored fishermen of Galilee, little as they knew of the learnings of the scribes and Pharisees, were the wisest in the generation who lived upon the earth when Jesus dwelt among men, and were considered by Him the most worthy of all men to be called to be His apostles, to preach the gospel to the human family; while the scribes and Pharisees, though so learned in the knowledge of the law and the prophets, were not wise enough to behold the signs of the times, and actually fought against the very principles that would have been their greatest good, and rejected that Holy Being upon whom all their teachings were supposed to centre, and who was the fulfillment of all their typical rites and ceremonies. It has been so in this day: the most learned of mankind have not been the readiest to receive the gospel. As in the days of Jesus, the poor have had the gospel preached to them, and the poor and the uneducated have been those who have most readily received its glad tidings of salvation. Knowledge, without the Spirit of God, has in all ages puffed up the sons of men; it has been a barrier in the way of their reception of the truths of heaven. But they who receive the gospel should not be satisfied to remain in ignorance, but add to the wisdom the Holy Spirit gives, knowledge of all things worthy of the attention of Saints, and by reading good books, by observation and experience, add to their treasures of wisdom and knowledge, so that they may be profitable servants for their Master's use.

Wisdom has been defined as using the best possible means to obtain the best possible end. What is the best possible end? and what are the best possible means to obtain it? are the questions that now present themselves before us. With all who believe that we are eternal beings who exist in happiness or misery in the great hereafter, the question is not difficult to answer. They will unitedly assent to the statement that it is happiness on this earth and eternal salvation in the world to come. The psalmist declares that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" and the Latter-day Saints will add thereto that he is the wisest man, whether rich or poor, learned or uneducated, high or low, who loves the Lord with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself. Who, in other words,

strives to keep God's holy laws, who gauges the measure of his conduct by the will of his God, who accepts obedience to His revelations as the surest, straightest pathway to the celestial gate, whose philosophy teaches him to do good to all men, to receive the dispensations of Providence as the kindnesses of a loving, all-wise parent; and who makes the object of his life here to do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven. Such a one may be numbered among the truly wise.

SUGAR MAKING.

A WRITER in the *Baltimore American*, in an article upon the sugar refineries of that city, says: The work at the refineries never ceases, night or day, except upon Sundays. The raw sugar, in various grades, from nearly black to a light brown, as it arrives at this port, is either landed directly at the refineries, or is sold by the importers through the merchandise brokers. The refiner's business is to make from the lots he receives a pure article of white or brown sugar, of a quality suitable for consumption. First, the black looking raw sugar is mixed with hot water until it becomes the thickness of syrup. It is then forced through steam pumps to the top of the building, where it is poured into huge filters. The bottoms of these are perforated, the holes covered with coarse cloth, and then the space is filled with charcoal made of the burnt bones of animals. This cleanses, bleaches and purifies the liquid thoroughly. After being passed through a number of these filters, the syrup drips out beautifully pellucid and almost colorless. This is next placed in a "vacuum pan," subjected to great heat, and powerful condensers, until crystals begin to form, when it is drawn off into molds. Through the molds water is passed, which cleanses what discoloration may remain. The molds are dried to a certain degree for "coffee sugars," but to complete dryness and solidity for "loaf" sugar. A machine with ponderous jaws crushes the cones to the size of "crushed" sugar. The loaf is cut into square pieces, and the fragments are converted by grinding into "granulated" sugar. All refined sugars are thoroughly cleansed. The various grades and hues of "soft" sugars are produced by bleaching and boiling to the required point. The pans, pipes and vats used are very costly, but can be operated a long time. Sugar is refined by two processes, the latter of which is coming much into favor. By this process the crystalline is separated from the fluid parts of the sugar. The crystallization begins with the boiling heat at 130 degrees. It would require much space to describe the immense interiors of the refineries (some of them eight or nine stories high), the innumerable rooms, caldrons, vats, pans, filters, pipes, pumps, molds, mills, pulverizers, packers, etc., the busy sounds and sights throughout the day and night; the throngs of toiling workmen, the hum of ponderous machinery, the seething caldron, the pattering of the "drips," the thousands of barrels being packed and rolled away, the rattle of wheels and the tramp of hoofs, and the many other things occurring indoor and outside, connected with the vast refining business at Baltimore.

HOWARD, the great philanthropist, on one occasion, when standing in the door of a printing-office, heard some dreadful volleys of oaths and curses proceeding from a public house opposite. Buttoning up his pocket before he went into the street, he said to some workmen near him, "I always do this when I hear men swear, as I think that one who can take God's name in vain, can also steal or do anything else that is bad."

TALK ABOUT ANIMALS.
BLUFF.

A WISE and wonderful cat is she, black as the raven's wing, with boots as soft and fair as tufts of thistle-down, and a "necktie", whiter than bleaching could ever make it. In form and proportions Bluff owns no superior; and in intelligence ranks far above the crowd of gossiping felines that creep from door to door, in the dim twilight hours. If it ever comes

about that to cats are awarded "medals for intelligence," then Bluff will ride into favor upon the top-most wave of public opinion.

She was, however, in the beginning, a waif, but found and cultured into gentleness and strength, by one whose soul believed in such progressive treatment. On the very top-most point of a rough rock—a place where no human steps could reach it, this creature, when a mere speck of a kitten, took refuge, and there, in her hunger and fear and great extremity, wailed out in piteous mews her overpowering solitariness.

A party of merry nutters, weary with their autumn labors, and resting on the edge of the woodland, heard the faint sounds and quickly sought to rescue the lonely thing. It was useless to attempt to reach her; no one, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant in Glintdale, had ever ventured beyond the clump of dwarf pines; but Hannah Makepeace, understanding cat-nature, even in its infancy, by coaxing tones, and a pretence of playing with a string, drew, first the little stranger's attention, then, magnetically, itself, toward a corner of safety where in friendly ambush was placed a saucer of milk and dainty bits left over from their amply-supplied lunch

basket. Once refreshed, the ebony beauty stretched herself for slumber, and completely exhausted, did not know when Ben Matlyn, reaching out his plump brown hand, secured the dreamer and laid her triumphantly in Hannah's lap, a much safer home than "Pine-tree Bluff."

That was the crowning feature of the day's pleasure, and upon the spot the little maiden at once named her in remembrance of the place and the great danger. At home there was a family of pets, originally orphans and portionless, but once

adopted by Hannah's faithful heart, sure of pitying tenderness and all the culture of which their natures were susceptible. Into the society of these, many of them once "lame, halt, or blind," Bluff was that very evening introduced, and deposited in her own special box to rest and sleep and frisk into life under the influence of friendly eyes and the touch of a friendly hand.

Two years passed away, and Bluff had developed into a creature of mammoth proportions. Her most distinguished traits were strength and gentleness, and in many respects she appeared more like a dog. Instinctively she had several times rescued from suffering

others of her tribe, wailing, half-starved kittens, bringing them with her mouth to Hannah's feet, and, as clearly as mews could speak, imploring such aid and attention as she herself had received. But the most marked occasion of this kind was when she lay surrounded by her second family of kits, as soft and sleek and dark-skinned as the proud mother. Hannah, having discovered a pair of motherless chickens, shivering, tender bits of things, brought them to the warmth of the kitchen fire, near which reposed Bluff in the full enjoyment of



her frisky little family. She eyed the proceeding with exceeding gravity; watched every movement made in behalf of the new guests, and taking into account her own capabilities of warmth and nourishment, suddenly decided, while Hannah was absent a few moments, that she could, with greater dispatch, accomplish as much as folks. Imagine the dismay of Hannah to find her chicks gone!—and too, if you can, her amusement, when a low purr-purr announced the intentions of the wise foster-mother. It was funny enough to watch her maternal anxieties, and the exceeding wonderment of those great searching eyes, when it appeared that another bill of fare was essential for her foster-children. But she never rebelled or took it in high dudgeon, but after the mistress had ministered to their appetites, received them with welcome purrs, stretching herself to make them feel under her sheltering care, quite at home.

From this acquaintance with baby-chicken life grew a ludicrously solemn oversight of all others of their kin, and in the yard, she came to be called "The Steward," so watchful was she of all the rights and interests of Hannah's growing family. She learned to understand the jubilant notes of Biddy when eggs were laid, and associated with the fact a duty to mew out the grateful intelligence to her mistress.

Upon one of her friendly raids, she stumbled upon the nest of a meadow-lark, who, being a stranger and unaccustomed to such greetings, at once flew into a rage in defence of her small household, which for the time greatly disconcerted poor puss, conscious of a record of unswerving integrity. Probably "the miff" was never righted; birds have their thoughts as well, and seldom, we believe, have faith in cats.

Five years of happy life passed by, and then there came to Bluff a great affliction! One eye in some way became poisoned, no nursing could restore it, and for days she lay quite still, bandaged and tended like human folk. A little kit, the last of a big family, finally aroused to old-time activity the half-crushed energies of poor puss. In the gray light of a June morning, when forest choristers were tuning-up for a grand rehearsal, mother Bluff's youngest, exercising herself upon the edge of a huge water-tank, suddenly fell in; one piteous mew, and all the mother instinct in the sedate old watcher was aroused. She sprang to her mistress' window, and by urgent cries besought her help. When the door was opened, Bluff sprang towards the open tank, saying as plainly as mews could say, "Look—look, don't you see?" Happily the tragedy was averted, and puss with motherly embrace, assured herself of her darling's safety.

Bluff is now an elderly cat; she walks leisurely, she assures herself of the prerogatives and privileges of age, sitting, if she chooses, in the best chair, and calling for milk or extra lunches, at unexpected seasons. She nestles insinuatingly into your lap, and coaxingly purrs her growing fellowship with human friends. She is never long away from the mistress, and occasionally, in remembrance of former feats of strength, brings to Hannah's feet a sturdy rat, slain when the fit is upon her, out of a pure love of power. After she has been thanked and petted, she cares no more for it, and subsides into quietude, dreaming, doubtless, of those large activities characterizing her days of youth.

Selected.

THE first consideration of an avaricious knave is, how to help himself, and the second, how to do it with an appearance of helping others. Dionysius, the tyrant, stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a robe of massy gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying: "Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in the summer; it behooves us to take care of Jupiter,

Our Museum.

THE TWELVE CÆSARS.

BY BETH.

THERE were many offices held by the Roman emperors, as history informs us, of which only the initials or abbreviated expressions occur on coins. In giving a description of the first twelve emperors care will be taken to give examples of such abbreviations as are met with frequently.

We will first consider a coin of the second Cæsar, bearing the legend: DIVVS CAESAR AVGVSTVS P. P. By Divus is meant divine (V was used in those days as we now use U). P. P. means "Pater Patriæ," or father of his country. Coins of Augustus have TR. POT. VII., meaning in the seventh year of holding the office of tribunicia potestate—the tribuneship. Besides this office, the emperors sometimes held the consulship, signified on the coin by CON.

Here is a coin of some interest, of the time of the third emperor, on which we find, TR. CAESAR AVG. F. AVGVSTVS. IMP. VIII, meaning Tiberius Cæsar Augustus Filius Augustus Imperator. Tiberius, as we may read, was adopted by Augustus, hence he styles himself "Filius," a son of that emperor. In after times the heir apparent to the empire was entitled to the appellation of "Cæsar." IMP. signifies Imperator, or commander-in-chief, as well as emperor.

Caligula, the fourth Cæsar, was the son of Germanicus, and grandson of Tiberius, hence the abbreviation of GER. on some of his coins, which read: C. CAESAR GER. PON. M. TR. POT. Pontifex Maximus, was the office of chief pontiff among the Romans. The emperor Augustus was made Pontifex Maximus, and many of the emperors held that office during the first three centuries of the Christian era. Many more modern emperors have assumed the title. It is a title borne by the popes in our day.

The next emperor, the fifth, had his coins marked: TR. CLAVDIVS CAESAR AVG. P. M. TR. P. P. P. The little readers can decipher this, if it is remembered that AVG. means Augustus, as a title only, the Roman emperors having used it on account of the honor associated with the name in connection with the first emperor, who had that name decreed to him by the senate. The emperor Claudius was named Tiberius Drusus Nero, hence the TR. before Claudius. The names in full are Tiberius Claudius Cæsar, the August Pontifex Maximus Tribunicia Potestate Pater Patriæ. This emperor was poisoned by the empress Agrippina, who wished to raise her son (an adopted son of Claudius, the monster Nero) to the throne.

Here is a coin of the sixth emperor, which reads: NERO CL. CAES. AVG. GER. P. M. TR. P. XI. P. P. Agrippina was the daughter of Germanicus, hence the GER. CL. is an abbreviation for Claudius. XI means the eleventh year of the tribuneship. It may be said that the wicked act of Agrippina met with severe punishment, for Nero caused his mother to be assassinated, among his other enormous cruelties.

Galba conspired against the tyrant and became the seventh emperor. His coins were marked: IMP. SER. GALBA CAES. AVG. TR.—The emperor Servius Galba, etc. The coins of the eighth emperor were stamped: IMP. OTHO CAES. AVG. TRI. POT.—The emperor Otho, etc. Those of the ninth emperor: IMP. VITELLIVS AVG. P. M. P. P.—The emperor Vitellius, etc. Those of the tenth emperor: IMP. CAES. VESPASIANVS AVG. P. M. T. R. COS.—the emperor Cæsar Vespasian,

etc. His names were Vespasianus Titus Flavius. The next emperor, the eleventh, was named Titus Vespasianus. Some of his coins are remarkable as recording the events connected with the Jewish war. On one of his coins he is represented with an iron crown, with the legend, IMP. TI. CAES VESPAS. AVG. P. M. TR. COS. III. The twelfth emperor was named Titus Flavius Domitianus. One of his coins reads IMP. CAES. DOMIT. AVG. GER. P. M. TR. P. With this emperor ends the epoch of the "Twelve Cæsars."

The young reader will be able to understand the obverse of coins of the reigns noticed; some others will be described, also some of the reverses of coins that are interesting.

One very fine brass coin of Claudius has on the reverse a figure of a woman standing on an island, with a boat by her side. She is holding a vase with extended hand, as if offering a libation. In the exergue is BRITANNIA. Another coin has on the obverse a head of Janus; and on the reverse a horse. This is a coin that was used in Britain in the time of the Cæsars. There are many rare and curious coins extant that are particularly interesting to some of us, as elucidating the history of the early Britons.

INDUSTRIAL ART.

WHAT has industry done for mankind? The question might almost be, what has it not done? It enabled the savages to make the flint knives the stone axes and mortars, the bows, arrows, spears, slings, harpoons, nets, boats, fire-sticks and digging-sticks (the earliest implements of tillage), without which they could not have raised themselves above the level of the brute. It enabled the stone-age savages to melt copper and tin and unite them in a hard elastic alloy fit for swords, spear-heads, arrow-heads, helmets, breast-plates, shields, chisels, hoes, plow-points, hammers, axes and knives. Then, and not until then did man have durable dwellings, of cut stone, productive tillage with the capacity to maintain many people in a small area, cities, national laws, well-disciplined armies, systematic civil policy, religion and ornamental art. Several thousand years elapsed before this beneficent industrial spirit, which had first taught the savage to fashion tools of stone and then elevated him to the bronze age, raised him to the age of iron by teaching him to smelt, forge, temper and yield the most useful of all the metals. If the useful arts had done nothing for man but to teach him how to work stone, bronze and iron, they would deserve the credit of laying the indispensable foundation of all our culture, and thus doing more for us than any other branch of human employment has done. But their service did not cease there. It has continued and still continues with increasing beneficence. If we should divide culture into a dozen eras instead of only into the stone, bronze and iron ages, we should have to designate nearly all of them from industrial events. The sailing-vessel, the mold-board which turns over the furrow of the plow, the water-wheel, the magnetic needle, gunpowder, the paper mill, movable type, the spinning-wheel, the telescope, the microscope, the quadrant, the chronometer, the steam engine, the steamboat, the steam-railroad, the steam-blast in smelting-furnaces, the puddling furnace, the rolling-mill and labor-saving machinery of a thousand kinds—these are triumphs of industry, and the main causes of the superiority of modern over ancient civilization. It is the workingman who has given us not only the foundation, but also most of the superstructure of our culture.—

Selected.

JAPANESE PEASANT IN WINTER COSTUME.

THE dress of the Japanese is a succession of loose wrappers, open at the chest; the outside robe, called a "kirimon," is the same for men as for women, only made longer, larger, and more showy for the latter than for the former. It is fastened around the waist by men with a silk or cotton scarf; by women with a broad band of silk, crape, or embroidery, according to the rank of the wearer. This band or sash is called "obe," and it sometimes costs more than all the other garments together. By girls and married ladies it is tied in a large bow behind, but a widow wears the obe tied in front.



In winter, the men who can afford it wear tight trousers and jackets in addition to the "kirimon;" those who cannot, are content with a suit of water-proof paper, or like the peasant in the picture, with a pair of tight cotton drawers and a coat of straw, with a hat made of bamboo for an umbrella.

In summer, the Japanese have been accustomed to wear very few garments, a great part of them, indeed, going about in almost a state of nature. This has now been forbidden by the Government, and both men and women, especially at Yeddo, the capital, are adopting our style of dress, they being encouraged to do so by the example of the Government officers and other influential persons.

Anecdotes of Painters.

RAFFAELLE D'URBINO.

(Concluded.)

From Chambers' Miscellany.

His delight in these pictures which Florence contained, and his liking for the beautiful city itself, determined Raffaele to remain there for some time. He formed many friendships with the young artists there, by whom his rising genius was much honored. His greatest friend was Lorenzo Nati, for whom he painted a beautiful picture of the "holy family." The Virgin-mother holds in her lap her divine Son, to whom the infant St. John is presenting a bird, in childish delight. This painting was preserved by Lorenzo during his lifetime with affectionate veneration and care. After his death it was kept by his heirs. But a disaster took place: a falling of earth from the neighboring mount, San Georgio, laid the house in ruins, and Raffaele's pictures were buried under the rubbish. However, Battista, a son of Lorenzo, succeeded in saving the fragments, and carefully restored them. The picture still exists.

Raffaele's stay at Florence was sorrowfully terminated. He had news of the illness of his aged parents; he went to Urbino, but both were no more. They had seen only the dawning of their son's glory; but doubtless that was reward sufficient for their unselfish and devoted affection. Raffaele gathered together all the worldly goods which they had left him, and quitted his native place forever. He stayed some time in Perugia, where he painted a picture of the chapel, and another for the Camaldolian monastery. One of these he left to be completed by his ancient master, Perugino, and returned to Florence in 1505. There he studied his beloved art with patience and enthusiasm combined, by means of which his reputation increased yearly.

At this time, Bramante d'Urbino, a fellow-citizen and distant relative of Raffaele's, was in high favor with Pope Julius II., and architect of St. Peter's. He invited his young kinsman to Rome, where Julius received him with great kindness, and appointed him one of the artists who were employed in painting the Vatican. Raffaele surpassed his competitors so much, that the pope immediately ordered all the other pictures to be effaced, and the work to be intrusted to Raffaele alone; and here the generous and grateful spirit of the young artist had an opportunity of shining forth. Among the doomed pictures was one by Pietro Perugino; but Raffaele could not bear that such an insult should be offered to his kind old master; he entreated earnestly that it might be spared. The pope, touched by this unselfish request, granted it, and the picture still remains untouched except by the hands of time.

The death of Julius II. happened while Raffaele was engaged in this great work; but his successor, Leo X., by equal encouragement, enabled the artist to continue with a brave heart, and the paintings were finished at the end of nine years. They consist chiefly of Scripture subjects, and almost rival the works of Michael-Angelo in the Sixtine Chapel. During these nine years, Raffaele found time to paint other pictures, and to study architecture under Bramante; so that, on the death of this relative, he was appointed architect of St. Peter's in his stead.

For Leo X., Raffaele also executed a set of twelve cartoons—a species of painting on large sheets of stiffened paper—representing

sent passages in the New Testament. These cartoons were designed to be copied in tapestry in the Netherlands. Some of them are still preserved at Hampton Court, near London.

Raffaele's fame was now at its height, and reached the ears of Albert Durer, the great German painter and engraver on copper. Albert sent his own portrait and some of his engravings to Raffaele, who was so delighted with them, that he studied the art himself, and caused to be engraved several of his own pictures. He also, in return, sent to Albert Durer some beautiful designs of his own, which were held most precious by the German artist.

Raffaele's greatest work, and alas! his last, was the "Transfiguration of Christ," which he painted for Cardinal dei Medici. In this he put forth all his powers, and it remains a lasting memorial of his genius. While engaged upon it, a sudden fever seized him, which, for want of proper treatment, proved fatal, and terminated his life in the prime of youth and talent. Raffaele died on the day of his birth, Good-Friday, in 1520, aged only thirty-seven. His body was laid in state in his own studio, his scarcely finished picture of the Transfiguration being placed above it, that his sorrowful friends might look from the lifeless form of the painter to his immortal work.

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.

NOT long since, I visited a friend, who lives on a fine farm, in a pleasant town in Southern New Hampshire. While there, one evening, we rode to the village to attend a meeting, and on our way back my friend told me the following anecdote about the noble horse he was driving; and I thought it worth repeating: A few years ago this horse was kept, during autumn, in a field close by the farm-house, and in an adjoining pasture a flock of sheep was also kept.

One day while my friend was talking with a gentleman by the roadside, the horse came running toward him from the lower part of the field, next to the sheep pasture, and, putting his head over the wall near him, he whinnied, as if to attract attention.

He took, however, no special notice of this; and presently the horse turned and ran back to the lower side of the field.

But very soon he was again seen rapidly approaching, and on reaching his master, he again spoke to him, as horses usually speak.

It was observed that the horse was acting in a very unusual manner; but still no steps were taken yet to ascertain the cause of the strange running back and forth. So the pony again wheeled and galloped away towards the sheep pasture. And now, very soon, for the third time, is he seen swiftly returning.

It seems that the intelligent creature, having failed in two attempts to secure help, determined to try elsewhere this time; and so, instead of going again to his master, he went to the farm-house, and, putting his head through an open window in the kitchen, he again whinnied.

My friend's wife, who had noticed the actions of the animal, now felt quite sure there must be some trouble in the field or pasture, and that the horse was trying to tell them. So she went out where the horse was. He seemed pleased that he had attracted attention at last, and, trotting on before the lady he led her down to the pasture, and, putting his head over the fence, seemed to say, "Look, look!" She did look, and there she saw that a savage dog had caught a sheep, and was holding it by the throat, in spite of all the poor creature's efforts to escape.—

[Selected.]

Questions and Answers ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

LESSON LX.

- Q.—Were any deprived of the privilege of assembling together to worship God?
A.—No; the word of God was liberal unto all.
- Q.—What were the children of God commanded to do?
A.—To assemble often.
- Q.—What for?
A.—To fast and pray.
- Q.—In whose behalf were they to do this?
A.—In behalf of those who knew not God.
- Q.—When Alma had made these regulations what did he next do?
A.—He departed from Zarahemla.
- Q.—Did he establish an order of the church at Zarahemla?
A.—Yes.
- Q.—Where did he then go?
A.—Into the valley of Gideon.
- Q.—Where was this valley situated?
A.—On the east side of the river Sidon.
- Q.—What was the name of the city which had been built in this valley?
A.—Gideon.
- Q.—What did Alma do in this place?
A.—He declared the word of God unto the inhabitants.
- Q.—Did he establish the order of the church here?
A.—Yes, as he did in Zarahemla.
- Q.—What did he then do?
A.—He returned home to Zarahemla.
- Q.—What for?
A.—To rest himself after the labors he had performed.
- Q.—What did Alma do in the commencement of the tenth year of the reign of the judges?
A.—He departed from his home and took his journey into the land of Melek.
- Q.—Where was this land situated?
A.—On the west side of the river Sidon on the borders of the wilderness.
- Q.—What did he do in Melek?
A.—He preached the word of God.
- Q.—Did the people come to him to hear his words?
A.—Yes, from all over the land.
- Q.—What was done to them?
A.—They were baptized.
- Q.—When he had finished his work at Melek what did Alma do?
A.—He went three days' travel to the north of Melek.
- Q.—What city did he come to?
A.—Ammonihah.
- Q.—What was the habit of the Nephites in regard to naming their villages?
A.—The town or city received the name of him who first inhabited it.
- Q.—What did Alma do in the city of Ammonihah?
A.—He preached unto the people.
- Q.—Were the people living in obedience to the commands of God?
A.—No; Satan had great power over them.
- Q.—Did they hearken to Alma?
A.—No; they got angry with him.
- Q.—Was Alma discouraged at this hardness of heart?
A.—No; he labored with them, and prayed mightily to God.
- Q.—What for?
A.—To pour out His spirit upon them, that they would repent.

Questions and Answers ON THE BIBLE.

HISTORY OF MOSES CONTINUED.

LESSON LX.

- Q.—What promise did the Lord make to Moses, on condition that the people would obey His voice and keep His covenants?
A.—That they should be a peculiar treasure to Him, a kingdom of priests and a holy nation.
- Q.—What did Moses do when he returned to his people?
A.—He called together the elders and laid before them the words of God.
- Q.—When Moses reported to the Lord that the people were willing to do as He had said, what did the Lord command him to do?
A.—To sanctify and prepare the people to see Him descend upon Mount Sinai upon the third day.
- Q.—How many special commandments did the Lord give to Moses upon Mount Sinai for the children of Israel to observe?
A.—Ten.
- Q.—What was the first commandment?
A.—“Thou shalt have no other gods before me.”
- Q.—What was the second commandment?
A.—“Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, or serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me; And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.”
- Q.—What was the third commandment?
A.—“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.”
- Q.—What was the fourth commandment?
A.—“Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.”
- Q.—What was the fifth commandment?
A.—“Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.”
- Q.—What was the sixth commandment?
A.—“Thou shalt not kill.”
- Q.—What was the seventh commandment?
A.—“Thou shalt not commit adultery.”
- Q.—What was the eighth commandment?
A.—“Thou shalt not steal.”
- Q.—What was the ninth commandment?
A.—“Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.”
- Q.—What was the tenth commandment?
A.—“Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.”
- Q.—What caused the people to stand afar off from Mount Sinai?
A.—Because of the thunderings, and the lightnings and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking.
- Q.—What did the children of Israel say unto Moses?
A.—“Speak thou with us, and we will hear; but let not God speak with us, lest we die.”
- Q.—What was Moses' reply?
A.—“Fear not; for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before your faces that ye sin not.”

ALL HAIL THE JUBILEE.

WORDS BY MRS. ELIZABETH BROOKS.

MUSIC BY PROF. C. J. THOMAS.

QUARTETTE
8

CHORUS.

This day, O Lord, we cel - e - brate, Our look'd for Ju - bi - lee; May

we with joy each oth - er greet, And give all praise to Thee.

CHORUS.

All hail the Ju - bi - lee, All hail the Ju - bi - lee, May

we with joy each oth - er greet, And give all praise to Thee.

Oh, may this happy Jubilee
Long in our hearts remain;
And when to men and women grown
Still praise thy holy name.

Father of all our hopes and joys
May we from sin be free;
And in the resurrection morn
Join the grand Jubilee.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

FOR LITTLE LEARNERS

1750-1751

[illegible]

FLATTERERS only lift a man up, as it is said the eagle does the tortoise—to get something by the fall.

THE answer to the Poetical Puzzle, published in No. 5, is MARYPORT. We have received no correct solutions.

CHARADE.

BY C. B. L.,

I AM composed of 10 letters;
My 1, 10, 7, is a beverage;
My 1, 2, 8, 1, is a measure;
My 1, 7, 2, 8, 5, is the name of an American writer;
My 7, 8, 8, 5, is the name of an English Queen;
My 3, 5, 7, 6, 10, is what we all enjoy;
My 9, 6, 5, 7, 8, is a body of water;
My 1, 2, 10, is good to eat;
My whole is the name of a battle fought after the Revolutionary War, between Indians and soldiers.

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